

# THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

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## DIVINE IMPULSE.

What breath is it that fans  
The soul's undaring vans?

Whereof is that that sings  
In bells and beaten wings?

Whence the unrest that stirs  
The soul in voice and verse?

What is it that up-swells  
In welcomes and farewells?

After what heavenly clue  
Doth our quick shame pursue?

Whence the unbidden fire  
Of tenderness or ire;

Whereof those deeds that leapt  
Whenas the soul not slept  
Evil to intercept;

Whereof that need unquelled  
To see the right up-held  
And felon self down-felled?

Why feel we then our kin  
With chanting cherubin  
That round God's throne do spin?

Is there no wind that drives  
Toward those heavenly hives  
Where all of sweet survives?

W. T.

## LIFE AND LETTERS.

Calm reigns in the camp of the "National Service" boomsters. They are reckoning up their gains and losses in "circulation."

That the tumult and the shouting has died down is chiefly due to the appeals of Professor Arnold and of Lords Hugh Cecil and Cromer for the discontinuance of the controversy. The *Daily Mail* declares, of course, that it "will continue to carry on the work it embarked upon years ago in the hope that it may be able to secure the placing of compulsion upon the Statute Book," but as there is not a single responsible person in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales who does not know that the *Daily Mail* is prepared to drop any of its principles except one at a moment's notice, the declarations of that journal need not greatly perturb us.

At the same time, we by no means agree with their Lordships' contention that everything should be left to the Government. Our rulers have too much power as it is. Mr. Asquith presently will be snapping out his old formula: "It is not in the public interest to answer that question." If there is anything at all in the theory that England is a democratic country, so very important a matter as conscription cannot possibly be settled without a general election. And even then, what of our armies in the field? Are they to have no voice in the decision? However, the movement for the time being is scotched, and we can at least trust the Government to distinguish between the voices of Messrs. Curnock, Raine and Co. and the voice of the nation.

In all probability the strong commonsense of Professor Arnold has done more than anything else temporarily to settle the question. Himself a "life-long adherent of the principle of National Service," he says:—

Working men are strongly organised and were before the European war broke out quite frankly bent upon a class war, in which they intended to defy Government, Parliament, and law alike. Now as a body they are in alliance with Government as against the Germans: but it is to them just as free an alliance as that of the Colonies with England, and they will take orders, if at all, only from their own leaders, who are more nearly represented by the Trade Union Congress than by any other body. They object to National Service because they regard it as an attempt to enlist them in the service of capitalism. But if the income-tax payers (for these are the class which to them constitutes capitalism) are prepared to sacrifice their property, then (they say) they will be prepared to contribute their lives for the common cause. Their help

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cannot be secured except through their sentiments. It is doubtless already the case that most income-tax payers are offering their means to the country, but this fact needs to be made plainer and the principle to be enforced by law before either will be clear to the working man. The way, then, in which the upper and middle classes can best promote their cause is to grapple with the problems of national finance, and give up the unsound method of huge war loans. The abolition of war profits, a national census of movable property and income, heavy war taxation so adjusted as not to create actual distress or unemployment, are measures essential to a class reconciliation. When these are carried out on the great scale and working men can see with their own eyes that others are living more simply and abstemiously than themselves, they will believe that the danger is serious and the appeal made to them sincere.

In short, the direct road to National Service is closed at present, but the way is still open, through a large scheme of national sacrifice.

We make no apology for the length of this quotation. Every member of the Cabinet and every other public man in this country ought to learn it by heart. For it is the truth, and the sooner the windbags who fill the correspondence columns of the Press realise that until there is real national sacrifice there can be no question of "National Service," the sooner will their lean and scratchy pens be devoted to other subjects.

The fallacy that young unmarried men, rather than those with wives and families, should give their lives for this country is always with us. But where profits are the first consideration the real needs of a nation are certain to be obscured. In which connection the following passage from a letter from Sir Henry Blake to the *Times* particularly intrigues us:—

I take it that nobody desires to minimise the magnificent response to Lord Kitchener's appeals; but some—I among them—feel that a large proportion of the gallant men who have joined the Navy and the Army, leaving wives and families behind them at an annual expense to the nation of forty millions sterling in separation allowances, ought not to be found at the front until the young, unmarried men who can be spared have taken their proper place in defence of the Empire.

How Sir Henry's bosom swelled when he thought of our "gallant men" and how his jaw stiffened when he thought of the "expense to the nation" we can well imagine.

That England has the full confidence of its Allies we shall continue to believe, all the howlings of an unpatriotic press notwithstanding. Of Belgium in particular, having many friends in that country, we can speak with authority. "Your way of doing things, your strikes and other internal quarrels, do not alarm us," said recently a well-known Liègeois artist. "We do not question your national idiosyncracies; we rely simply on your honesty and doggedness." That is the general feeling in Belgium; nor do we doubt it is the general feeling of our other

Allies. Englishmen are muddlers and blunderers, it is true, but there is that in them which is uncomprehended of such persons as Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris, and we may add of such persons as Lord Harmsworth. This spirit was manifested not so long since in so unlikely a quarter as the Stock Exchange, and we were heartened thereat. If Lord Harmsworth had more of that foresight his henchmen are never tired of telling us we are lacking in, he would be considerably perturbed for his future position in this scheme of things. With every day of war that passes, England is getting nearer to her true self, and will not for ever be blind to, or view with amused contempt, the motives underlying the actions of her tinsel Napoleon.

We were under the impression that Mr. Bernard Shaw had retired from public life and was devoting his leisure to wondering why he ever allowed Mr. Augustus John to paint his portrait. But he is "still talking" it seems, and upon the subject of the duration of the war he has been good enough to tell his gaping admirers and others who are not gaping admirers that it is for neutral countries to settle the question. He himself, he says, is "one of the belligerents and cannot stop until the enemy stops." As he goes on to say that "it is for the neutral countries to combine to ask the belligerents what they are fighting for," we suggest that they begin with Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The historian will doubtless deal with the influence of our refugee guests upon us, but what they will make of *Infinito*, a journal published in Dumfries—of all places in the world!—is beyond our poor imaginings. Like an army terrible with banners, *Infinito* has descended upon us, and we surrender to the following high explosive bombardment by a Mr. Souqharé-Bachneff:—

My first intellectual contact with British humanity took place in the person of Mr. Collier, my landlord, a workman in a large garage of motor cars in London. Some days after I became his lodger. We were talking in his parlour on the current topic of the day, and then, to try the spirit of British people, I told him frankly that in my opinion only one thing can save mankind, and that is the superseding of the Prose by the Rhyme. Telling him such a divine Utopia, I was prepared to enjoy myself thoroughly, à la incarnated royal spirit, on the premises of Pilate; but then I suddenly felt that something was changed on the earth. Mr. Collier, touched with inspiration, took his pocket book, tore from it a leaflet, and wrote down his feeling as follows:—

### TO BELGIANS.

The Germans tried. Yes! They have tried! But they found a wall of steel they had to face.

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Men have died. Yes! Men have died! But others have been there to take their place.

Defeated we shall never be! Shall I tell you the reason why?

For the Belgians! They know how to fight. And the Belgians know how to die.

There is not too much of Art (with capital A) in it. I beg your pardon, brother humorist, there is a wonderful swing in it, and don't forget that Mr. Collier is a workman on H.M.S. as fitter of motor cars, somewhere in France, and he never dreamed before in his life of adjusting and filling of the rhythms.

Good for Mr. Collier! And if he is ever again "touched with inspiration" and dreams of "adjusting and filling of the rhythms," the *English Review* will welcome him, not a doubt of it! There is nothing Mr. Austin Harrison would love better than to enhance the beauty of Mr. Collier's poetry by a little footnote to the effect that its author was "a workman on H.M.S. as fitter of motor cars."

Mr. John Lane adorns the front page of the *Bodleian* with a verse from *Songs from the Trenches*, by a Captain Blackall, one stanza of which will serve to remind the reader of those far-off days when the flags were out, the scarlet carpet spread, and Poetry queened it in Vigo Street.

The "rifle" rattled a ragtime  
Like a syncopated coon,  
The "anti-aircraft's" object seemed  
To spifficate the moon.  
The "mortars" did their damndest,  
Or, rather, did their worst,  
And the "drain-pipe gun" played hell with the Hun,  
Till it ultimately burst.

After reading these lines certain remarks made by Professor Raleigh, when explaining the excellent *Times* scheme for sending broadsheets to our soldiers, no longer surprise us. "There is no better expression of freedom," he said, "in all its senses, than English literature. I can almost imagine an intelligent German officer trembling and growing pale when he finds it in our trenches."

The *Phoenix*, a "magazine of individuality, edited by Michael Monahan," comes to us from America. It is a scholarly little publication, and on the whole we like it. Incidentally, we make no doubt that our visitors from "God's own country" will appreciate the following extract from its pages:—

Our democracy is quite unlike that of ancient Athens, where the common crowd went to hear and judge the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides, the orations of Pericles and Cymon. We have no hucksters and fishwives capable of correcting the speech of a philosopher. Our many-headed thing speaks a degraded dialect—the lowest and most corrupt form of speech ever used by a partly civilised people: which to copy in its literal horror is the profit of our Journalism and the ambition of no small part of our Literature.

If Mr. Monahan will tell us the meaning of the word "skulduddery" that we find (without inverted commas) elsewhere in the *Phanix* we may be less apprehensive that he is being affected by his environment.

## CONSCRIPTION & CHARACTER.

The war has brought about many political and social changes in this country, but it has not been able to remove evidences of the dualism which is a fundamental characteristic of the British people. It has always been a cause of astonishment to foreigners, and sometimes to ourselves, that capable as we are in the performance of solid, creative and efficient work, we are, at the same time, extraordinarily tolerant of slovenliness and mediocrity in our ordinary working habits of thinking and living. There is no exaggerated literary fancy in the statement that our being strong enough to withstand the shocks and perils of war depends entirely upon which of these sides to our national character predominates. In the first place we must allow that the British people are badly educated, and, in consequence, they have acquired a laziness in mental processes which ill fits them to digest the rush of news, comments and arguments with which the Press daily provides them. We have heard of a pro-English German barber (so far as that is humanly possible) who welcomed the idea of internment because he found it impossible to converse intelligently with the English of his own class around him. "I am only a poor man," he said, "but English people of my station of life are so ignorant that they don't even know where Russia is!" We fear that the same state of affairs obtains in higher grades of society. A foreigner is always puzzled by the fact that when he sits at a middle or upper-class dinner table in the country of Bacon and Acton he finds that any mention by him of a simple event in European history, which a Continental gymnasium student would blush not to know, is met with polite but unabashed ignorance. He usually records his view of us in the witticism that a country which in the same era produced a Darwin and a Newman and regulates its street traffic so magnificently, is unable to cook potatoes. We have dwelt upon this question of education, not because we are so foolish as to suppose that people should be measured by the amount of facts they remember, nor because we desire to see German educational methods foisted upon us. Germany is not the only educated country in the world. But we are conscious that our own educational methods are not conducive to the kind of moral discipline which would prevent our becoming an easy prey to the many bad Prussianising influences now at work in our midst. Says the *Saturday Review*: "What Great Britain is suffering from acutely and dangerously at the present

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time is the absence of discipline. Undisciplined minds and undisciplined bodies—notably the minds and bodies of some millions of young men who have not yet been called up to their duties—we have to set the drill sergeant to work very severely on these before we can reach security.” Security from what? Handing over unwilling men to drill sergeants in the best Prussian manner is a remarkably logical method of obtaining security against the advance of German militarism! Arguments such as these are put forward by a Press which positively revels in the existence of a public which is ignorant and slovenly. Indeed the lack of discipline arising from the ignorance of the newspaper-reading public becomes in the hands of Lord Harmsworth and his supporters a very useful weapon, and the more potent since it is of their own fashioning. The case of our education and our Press is, no doubt, one of cause and effect. We are reminded of a cynical old gentleman who, recalling the differences between the journalism of his young days and that of to-day, said: “In my young days a journalist was usually a travelled gentleman. He knew the world. To-day he comes up to town from his suburb on top of his motor omnibus, does his work, and goes home on the same motor omnibus. That is all you can say of him.” Instances of newspaper ineptitude in the grave matter of misdirecting public feeling can be multiplied without end. We will content ourselves, however, with one. The Press which was loud in its cry that the Russians would spend the first Christmas of the war in Berlin knew, although the news was not then allowed to be published, that the advancing Russian army had perished at the battle of Tannenberg. A section of the same Press is now going to the other extreme and is finding Russian misfortunes very useful in its campaign of frightening the public into conscription. We repeat that in spite of the fact that we are capable of the finest achievements in all departments of life, we are ordinarily careless in the habits of living and thinking. It is necessary to utter a warning that under the plea of saving us from our bad habits Lord Harmsworth would turn them to his own advantage and endeavour to coerce the Government into giving us still worse habits. Our finer instincts are willy-nilly to be crushed under the iron heel of cheap efficiency and a machine-made social well-being in order to satisfy a sense of patriotism which allows the drill-sergeant to become the ideal type of national hero. “Pacifism and Prussianism,” Mr. Chesterton remarked recently, “are but two sides of the same medal: a medal given for discipline and disciplinship in the schools of fear. Whether or no a bully is always a coward, he is always a believer in cowardice. His *panache* is always the white feather of somebody else.” Lord Harmsworth’s *panache* is the people of this country who would lose interest in Great Britain as a country if it were governed according to his notion of patriotism or his theory of economics.

## THE ROCK GARDEN.

When his father died, he retired from the business, which had always been distasteful to him, and suggested to his wife that they should go and live in the old house.

“Just as you like, dear,” she said.

She was a woman who subsisted on good works. They were her very food. If she was not on some charitable committee or arranging bazaars or attending Mothers’ Meetings, she was unhappy. But wisely she believed in the proverb that charity begins at home. . . . She was never forgetful of the great honour her husband had conferred upon her when he asked her to marry him.

When she saw, however, that he was determined upon living in the country, she spoke of her charities a little regretfully.

“You’ll have better scope in the country,” was all he said.

“Well, perhaps I shall,” she answered. “Anyhow, you must know best.”

At first they were a little lost in the large house which stood aloof at the end of the village. The dead man had had few friends, and did not encourage callers, living alone with his housekeeper (now comfortably pensioned) and only venturing as far as the garden, which had claimed all his attention. And, as it were, the mantle of the enthusiastic gardener fell upon his son. No sooner had he viewed the neat beds and lawns, the orderly frames and apple trees trained along the ground, than something seemed to stir in him.

“This is what I’ve wanted all my life,” he thought, looking over the broad fields to the drive avenue of magnificent chestnuts beyond. . . .

He experienced great pleasure in watching the gardeners at work, and walking here and there—as a proud proprietor should—he began to learn a good deal about gardening. First he learned the names of the roses, making the man repeat them twice so that he could get them right. He began to speak of green fly as “aphis,” and while he was calling flowers by their Latin names he was making his first experiments in grafting.

“A man must have his hobby,” he said, “and there’s nothing that hasn’t to be learned.”

“I can’t think how you can remember it all,” sighed his wife. She, too, was contented, the vicar having assured her that the state of the parish was deplorable.

In town they had kept a motor; but now he

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insisted upon getting rid of that, and bought a carriage and pair. A new stable and a house for the coachman was built, as the old accommodation had been allowed to fall beyond repair. "I shall make a few improvements," said the master; and where had been a disorderly fowl-run a greenhouse sprang up like a mushroom, and with it a fresh group of gardeners. A new wooden gate was put up at the end of the drive and painted white; and men climbed on to the roof and set going again the ancient weather-cock, which had pointed in the same direction for more than twenty years.

The sleepy old house having regained some life, as if it had been polished in places, he set about the garden. Trees were cut down to make a "prospect"; on the top of the ha-ha wall he had a railing planted along which were to grow climbing roses of all descriptions, and by the side of it an alley of wire arches, painted green, also covered with rose trees and leading to a grass patch with a sundial. He engaged a skilled gardener from town, and soon in the kitchen garden appeared mysterious glass bells—like inverted goldfish bowls—which he showed proudly to his friends and called "French gardening." The vicar paid frequent visits, and occasionally came with his wife to dinner.

Each morning the master came down precisely at nine o'clock, said good-morning to the row of servants lined up outside the door of the dining-room, and listened to his wife reading family prayers. After breakfast he sat down to his paper, while his wife interviewed the cook in the library, and half an hour later he was always to be seen, wet or fine, his paper under his arm, issuing from the French windows into the garden in search of the head gardener, with whom he would stand in earnest consultation. He then paraded the whole garden and, if by then it was not time for lunch, he went to his study and wrote letters. After lunch the maid would call him, "Humphreys is at the door, sir," and he would stroll out, pulling his coat on as he went.

"Horses all right to-day, Humphreys?"

And the fat coachman would straighten himself with a discreet smile and reply,

"Yessir, thank you, sir."

By that time his wife had come down, while the maid stood in readiness with the rug, and off they would go.

From one of these afternoon calls he came back silent and preoccupied. His wife had long ago learned her place, and did not question him. After

dinner, as he was reading the paper aloud, he broke off and said,

"We must have a rock garden."

"That will be very nice, dear," she answered, thoughtfully.

"Don't you think it would be an improvement, eh?"

"Of course. Where shall we have it?"

The next morning they went out together into the garden to look for a suitable place for the rock garden. The head gardener, Ridges, stood behind them, exceedingly bored, but drawing a large enough salary to be alert at once if a question were put to him.

"D'you think this is a good place?" said the master, pointing.

The gardener scratched his head.

"Well, sir, if you mean to 'ave water, sir, it'll run away, this being a slope, or percolate perhaps."

"Percolate?" murmured the wife. "Now I wonder what that means. How clever George is!" and she sighed and fidgetted, for the grass was wetting her feet. But having inspected various other sites, they returned again.

"I think we'll risk having it here," he said, "and then you can walk straight on from the sundial to the rock garden. We'll have a path. Eh, Ridges? That can be managed, what?"

The man started. "Very well, sir, yes, sir."

"Don't you think that's a good place, Alice?"

"Yes, dear."

She added, "I think I'll go in now, if you don't want me any longer. (I hope my shoes aren't ruined, she thought.) Mind you don't get wet, dear." And she went away, leaving him to wave his hands in comprehensive gestures. When the maid went to call him to lunch, she found him alone, his cigar burned out, pacing about solemnly and thoughtfully, sticking little pegs of wood here and there.

In the afternoon, when her husband was engaged in one of the greenhouses, the wife went in search of the head gardener. She was a little afraid of so learned and superior a person, who seemed to prefer to talk in Latin rather than in his own language, but when she found him she buttonholed him firmly.

"Er—Ridges," she said, "I was thinking . . ."

"Yessm'm."

"Er—I was thinking that it would be nice to have a big bed made next to the—er—Rockery. I should have all my favourite flowers in it."

The gardener smiled.

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"Well, m'm, it's not the time for planting out now, but I could set about having the bed dug."

"How stupid of me!" she cried. "But then it—there's no hurry, I mean, about planting. Any time will do."

"Very well, m'm. I'll put Saunders to dig the bed."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "How lovely these pinks smell! I really must pick a bunch."

"Ridges!" called a voice.

The gardener shrugged his shoulders, and disappeared wearily in the direction of the greenhouses.

"I'm going to have a bed made next to your rockery, dear," she told her husband that night. "Do you think it's a good idea?"

He was bending over a bit of paper on which he was making marks with a pencil.

"Oh, yes," he said, indifferently. "Look here, Alice. I've just been drawing out a rough plan. Look! Here is a slope, and here a little path. Here"—his finger wavered over a black smudge—"I think, a grotto. Yes. Shall we have a pond, do you think? For lilies. Or perhaps we might add that later."

"I never can understand plans," she said, screwing up her eyes; and he went over it again until she exclaimed, "How clear you do make things!" and took up her knitting.

And as she was just going to sleep, he startled her by calling, "Alice! Are you asleep?"

"Nearly."

"I wanted to ask you about that pond. . . ."

The work was put in hand at once, and in three weeks the rock garden was finished. Each morning husband and wife went out to see how the operations progressed. Rain hindered the workmen a good deal. The ground held the water, and the master would pace about, his hands clasped behind his back, his red face bent forward.

"Clay soil, clay soil!" he would mutter impatiently, "Wants some gravel, Ridges?"

"Yessir." And two cartloads of gravel were splashed into the water.

There followed the critical time of selection of plants. Catalogues began to pour in by every post. Solicitous friends wrote and made suggestions; the vicar offered to send for some plants from the Holy Land. The whole house was silent, as if a birth were expected, while the master wrestled with Latin names in his study.

The first consignment arrived on a wet day, and the gardener suggested that they had better wait for fine weather before planting. The master chafed.

They decided to wait until the following day.

"I'll drive over and have a look at Taylor's rock garden," he thought; and his head was so full of his garden that he forgot to ask how the horses were. But the coachman touched his hat and said, "Yessir, thank you, sir," out of habit. The rug was tucked in; the carriage door shut with a bang.

On his return he went back to his study and made several alterations and additions to his lists.

Gradually the household resumed its normal state again. But now husband and wife went out together each morning, straight to the "rockery" (as she insisted upon calling it to his intense annoyance), where they would hover round the latest purchase. Sometimes it could not be found, and then the gardener would have to be called.

"Ridges! You haven't put in the Himalayan moss."

"Yessir. 'Ere it is, sir."

The master looked suspiciously at the plant.

"That's not where I told you to put it."

"I thought as you said, sir, . . ."

"All right. All right."

And when they had examined every corner of the rock garden, the husband would say, "Well, Alice, let's see how your bed's getting on." After which she would leave him to make the rest of the tour by himself, going away carefully as if she was afraid even to tread on the grass.

Now and again little parcels would come, and unable to finish his breakfast he would go out to the patient Ridges.

"Look here," he would say, "here's something you've never seen before. Mr. Taylor hasn't got any of this, eh?"

"No, sir. I don't think so, sir."

"We'll find a corner for it, what?"

And then in the afternoon,

"Horses all right, Humphreys?" and he would drive over to inform his friend of his new acquisition.

The following summer his wife's bed made a glorious show, flaunting itself beside the less brilliant rock garden.

"I do love Delph—what-d'you-call-'ems," she said, looking at the tall spires of blue. "Aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes, yes." He was thinking of what fresh improvements he could make. "P'm, p'm, prrp, prrp," he would go under his breath, while she looked affectionately at his rosy cheeks, thinking that since they had no children God had given them this garden to occupy their thoughts; thinking, too, how nice it was

to have their gardens side by side. . . .

And now, when visitors came, instead of talking to them of the needs of the poor, she would speak of the "Rockery," and, having got there, would show all her husband's treasures proudly, while the visitors, who had expected to be bored, followed her tamely and made polite and unintelligent remarks. When she thought they had had time to absorb its wonders, she would say, "And this is my own particular bed," listening with pleasure to their empty praise, but invariably adding, "But I'm afraid I'm not clever enough to like the rockery better. I don't even know which are the rare plants. Now if George were here, he could tell you all sorts of interesting things."

The years passed and the rock garden became crowded and had to be extended. The pool was added, and water-lilies floated upon it. A special gardener was engaged; extraordinary precautions were taken to expel harmful insects. But in spite of all, the lilies refused to thrive.

"Perhaps it's the goldfish," he said, for he had introduced some at the instance of his wife, who took great pleasure in feeding them. The goldfish were removed, but still the lilies refused to prosper.

One rainy day not long after his wife refused to accompany him to the rock garden after breakfast. He put down his paper, dropped his spectacles off his nose, and looked at her with astonishment.

"I'm feeling rather chilly," she said apologetically. "I think I got my feet wet yesterday. We're getting old, dear."

"Old? Nonsense! I never felt younger!"

And he went out by himself. When he returned, she had gone to bed.

Three days later she died.

The day after her funeral he intimated that the household would remain as before. He came down as usual each day, said good-morning to the servants, and read prayers himself. Then he went out into the garden.

After a good deal of trouble the difficulty of the pool was surmounted; the lilies blossomed with extraordinary vigour and then died. He put back the goldfish, and sent for more lilies. It is even said that he is contemplating the destruction of his wife's flower-bed in order that the rock garden may be still further enlarged.

GERALD MILLER.

Mrs. Brian Luck has compiled a *Belgian Cookery Book*, which Mr. Heinemann is to publish for the benefit of the Belgian Red Cross Society.

## THROUGH ENGLAND IN WAR TIME.

Of the imperturbability of West and Mid-England I had heard so much that I determined to traverse the area North to South and see for myself how this section of our country contrasted with Eastern shires set agog by the sinister imminence of the Great War.

In midsummer I rode out of Birmingham as the night-shift of a great ordnance works streamed forth from the factory gates. First stragglers for the day shift were collecting in dark rivulets on arid suburban streets. Except for recruit musters and Home Defence Corps marchings, lighting restrictions, long processions of Army motor lorries, and a manufacturing boom, there has been so far in the Midlands little momentous sign of war. My trusty motor-cycle fluttered her way through affluent suburbs of the city, and then braked sharply down as she encountered drove after drove of workers scouring along the high road on cycles from Bromsgrove and outlying villages to the city factories. Droitwich was unchanged in her pictorial beauty. Worcester, with her cathedral planted plumb in the centre as if to insist on a passing plaudit, was calm and patrician as ever, feeling no indignity in her use of women conductors for the trams. The road to Tewkesbury runs close between brown shadows of the Malvern and Cotswold hills, over smiling meads odorous with bloom and damascened with gold and white of flowers. The noble bulk of the Abbey looked down on an old-world town serenely unconscious of war. Gloucester had an urban stir but the military note was not prominent.

In Bristol the Saturday afternoon was just starting with the holiday air generated by young people spreading themselves abroad in sports suits. It took nearly an hour to get through the clogged city to the Bridgewater road, yet the sole tokens of war I noticed were a few Red Cross automobiles and War Department wagons, plus the usual percentage of khaki figures. Bristol, in the wide trough of her river valley, and throughout her high broad downs and cliff-like ridges and crests of houses, seemed only peacefully brisk. Perhaps the echo of war was found more truly beside the white inns, the flint cottages, the grey churches, that brooded upon the fine road between Bristol and Taunton. For the sand-coloured uniforms teemed in these plain villages that look out here upon the green commons, brown sedge, shadowy pool, and floor of yellow wildflower, about the Mendip

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gap. Taunton, that languorous town of the dusky Somerset race, was full of the military.

By evening I was in Devonshire; and thereafter chiefly what I saw as I pushed to the coast was the sun flashing and fading in ambush behind the tremendous beacon-shapes of the North Devon hills. Wiveliscombe, dainty Bampton and its superb valley-gorge, South Moulton, were steeped in profound peace. The clocks were near midnight when I slackened to cross Barnstaple Bridge, and my only untoward incidents had been vicious swerves in the dark on the country cart-tracks over the moors, and once when a policeman darted his neck forward and back like a swan to see that my front and rear lights were correct. A similar scrutiny awaited me on the Bideford road; then, as the moon heaved up her saffron globe to peer upon my engine's sighing transit through the pallid roads, blue river-glimmer and ghostly villages, I touched the far West Coast at Westward Ho! In an eighteen-hour journey I had not been barred or challenged once.

Next day there was in Bideford a recruiting meeting for North Devon regiments. I rode along England's western limb as far as Bude, and down and up the Devon and Cornish coast saw, in the way of service officials, not so much as a coastguardsman. The Bude rocks dozed in russet quiet on their spits of fawn sand and blue sea. Vessels went by as continuously as ever along that viewless horizontal wire upon which they appear to be perpetually sliding when seen in motion from a coast. Inland the landscapes were faultless pictures of rich-coloured tranquillity. A stay in Devon and my tour back to the Midlands by road did not appreciably add to these impressions.

By way of varying the angle of vision I next went north from Birmingham by rail. The stations and trains were, of course, alive with soldiers. In Preston, with its suites of flat mills and tapering stacks, every sixth man seemed in khaki. Again many of the trans were piquantly graced by girl conductors. At Lancaster we met a troop train, its occupants singing, cheering, taking gifts from our train on the next set of rails. The shrouded cannon, the packed horses uneasy in their trucks, made the mind miserable. Then at Windermere I shouldered my rucksack, hearing as I started a Belgian refugee conversing with an English officer. For over a week I walked and climbed in Cumberland, two days' post from home, and out of reach of newspapers.

"That's a fine horse," I said one morning to a carter. "They'll be wanting that for the war!"

"Na, na. They will not. There's good news come through at last."

"What's that? It's days since I saw a paper."

"They're through the Dardanelles, they say. The flags are out at Whitehaven. I had it from the engine-driver at Ravenglass."

And Lord Muncaster's gardener, as he stroked his stalwart horse in the grandiose foliage of Muncaster Park, beamed at me with candid joy. Barring casual conversations, the rather pointed advertisements in a village public building, and the shooting practice of half-a-dozen red-badged volunteers in Coniston, this was the single repercussion I heard of the impact of war on this north-west corner of England.

The trains, crammed with soldiers, had to be duplicated as I returned at midnight. At the buffets haughty waitresses rebutted wily Tommies who sought by feigning innocence to coax out a nut-brown draught long past the stipulated hour. The stations of Preston, Crewe, Stafford, Wolverhampton, were chill and desolate, and grudged any comfort for our fighters. Soldiers and sailors, suffering the pangs of being reft from relatives who clustered on the foot-board, quitted a malodorous and high-priced "refreshment room" only to step into a train that could provide nothing better than standing room in a freezing corridor. The Black Country was busier than usual at night, and through the deep cornflower blue of breaking dawn pierced the gold-dust plumes of chimney flares. Factories rode the dark hung with tinted lights like a ship in full illumination at sea. The slag banks went by like waves, and at last the arcs of Birmingham stretched in crescent like a curved harbour front.

No matter what the havoc and sensation of this war, there are still in England beautiful tracts where the stunned beholder may bathe and recover as in a lake of healing. These domestic facts do not make so loud and vivid an appeal as the clash of events at the front; yet how much would the future historians of England give to know them intimately as we can!

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

### ON PROCESSIONS.

Some years ago it became fashionable to put on fancy costume in representation of personages of historical importance and to enact before an open-air audience a pageant of the most famous events connected with the locality. Beyond any doubt the players in these pageants had a most enjoyable time, but if their enjoyment was accompanied by a pious desire to impress their audience with the importance

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of history, the results of such enthusiasm were neither noteworthy nor permanent. Few people care a farthing about the historical past of their own or anyone else's part of the country. The fashion for pageants soon died. St. Albans was left icy cold on questions of its historic past, and Chelsea, after the Church Pageant, displayed no remarkable violence on the subject of Anglicanism.

Pageants and processions are, after all, serious things. The need of them is not created by mere fashions; they have always been with us as an instinctive method of popular expression. They are, in fact, one of the few ways left us of publicly expressing opinions. Not even the people who by their Puritanical habits of mind deny themselves and others the right of outward expression of any kind of opinion or emotion, have been able to rid us entirely of our processional instincts and rights. It is true that the influence of these dreary people has accentuated our sensitiveness to embarrassments in public places, and and that largely through this influence we have lost the art of processions. We are content to suppress our opinions rather than make public parade of them.

A frequenter of Whitehall will often have occasion to notice a number of gentlemen drive up in cabs to buildings in that palatial thoroughfare. He will further observe these gentlemen hurriedly disappear into dismal recesses of a Government office where they are received with blandishments by a Cabinet Minister. These are called, in our modern fashion, deputations, and if the truth be told they are rather dull and shabby affairs. Their squalor is due to the fact that they are really processions that have forgotten what they are. They are undertaken by people who do not realise that their duty does not consist solely in persuading a Cabinet Minister but also in availing themselves of a splendid opportunity for lights, trumpets and drums. Our women have realised this responsibility and have given us noble examples of the truth that deputations are in reality pageants and as such should be conducted with dignity and seriousness.

Our processions, such as they are, are infrequent and are mostly left to celebrities and professionals. We ourselves have every right to express our emotions at the Coronation of Kings, the downfall of Prime Ministers or the election of Lord Mayors. On these occasions, however, our share in them is left to people who look extremely bored by the proceedings and whose sense of their own importance does not prevent them from experiencing a feeling that it is very ridiculous to behave ceremoniously in public.

If a child is left with a volume of the *Illustrated London News* for the year 1852 he will soon be poring over the long panorama representing the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. After he has become used to the splendours of that festival he will scrutinise the picture in order to discover traces of

grief proper to the countenances of its vast array of mourners. He will be disappointed, for with the exception of a woe-begone "favourite charger" those who took part in that famous pageant wear a most inappropriately cheerful countenance. Nor, for that matter, are we better satisfied with the more celebrated panorama, "La magnifica e sontuosa Pompa Funerale fatta in Burselle nell' Essequie dello' invittissimo Carlo Quinto" which was printed in all its splendour in 1559, although that procession is more representative of the various kinds of people who should take part in so popular a pageant. We have to go back to an earlier period to find a time when ordinary people were quite free from all embarrassments in the processional expression of their opinions. It is true that social life in those days centred around the Church in a manner unfamiliar to us to-day, and that the Church provides many occasions for popular pageants. Those who have never seen a king walk among common folk in the processions incident to Good Friday and the feast of Corpus Christi have missed an opportunity of realising that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and that a king can walk in a procession with no stronger desire to appear as its chief ornament than that felt by his most humble subject. There are many records of our processions of those times in cities great and small, which show their representative character. At the moment, one comes into recollection for which we should offer acknowledgement to Cardinal Gasquet. An order relating to a Corpus Christi procession, held in the city of Winchester in the year 1435, runs as follows: "It is agreed of a general procession of the Feast of Corpus Christi, of divers artificers and crafts within the said city; that is to say the carpenters and felters shall go together first; smiths and barbers, second; cooks and butchers, third; shoemakers with two lights, fourth; tanners and japanners, fifth; plumers and silkmen, sixth; fishers and farriers, seventh; taverners, eighth; weavers with two lights, ninth; fullers with two lights, tenth; dyers with two lights, eleventh; chaundlers and brewers, twelfth; mercers with two lights, thirteenth; the wives with one light and John Blake with another light, fourteenth; and all these lights shall be borne orderly before the said procession before the priests of the city. And the four lights of the brethren of St. John's shall be borne about the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, the same day in the procession aforesaid."

To-day the rivetters and chainmakers are wont to make a procession only when a very natural desire for more money reaches a pitch of exasperation. Sometimes when on the march, these people distribute leaflets by the wayside, and sometimes their little pageants are chronicled by the newspapers. From these we learn not only the object of their public appearance but that it is necessary to have an underlying feeling of shame for their incursion into our polite streets, an acute sense of degradation at the intrusion of human feelings into the light of day.

HERBERT GARLAND.

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## REVIEWS.

### A GREAT RUSSIAN.

*War and Christianity: From the Russian Point of View.—Three Conversations.* By VLADIMIR SOLOVYOF. With an Introduction by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Constable & Co.) 4s. 6d. net.

"Vladimir Solovyof," Mr. Graham informs us, "is Russia's greatest philosopher and one of the greatest of her poets, a serene and happy writer. He was born in 1853 and died in 1901, that is, he flourished in Russia during the same years that Nietzsche lived in Germany. . . . In national culture Solovyof owned Dostoevsky as his prophet. With Dostoevsky he was one of the great spiritual leaders of the Russian people. He was in all his work and faith opposed to Tolstoy, considering Tolstoyism to be a sort of moral atrophy"—a statement which is sufficient, we think, to indicate the interest and importance of this book. Russia is a country of talkers. Western Europeans when reading Russian fiction must always receive an overwhelming impression of the talk which runs torrentially and devastatingly through its pages. But the dialogue is usually placed well within a framework of drama of so large a portent that we manage to keep an equilibrium necessary to our reading. Here in this book we have the talk unclothed. We have nothing English to compare with it save perhaps the dialogue of Mr. Shaw, and how tame and unintrospective are his characters' heart-searchings in comparison with these Russians, how small is their gymnastic babble of manners in comparison with the conversation of these Russians whose talk is of God! Yet the dialogues are not heavy, but contain many brilliant passages written in a light, satirical vein. There are local allusions which will puzzle Western readers, some because they are local and others because of their frankness, such as jokes about Cossacks being "robbers in spirit," and remarks such as "Perhaps we are more nearly related to the yellow-faced Chinamen than to the countrymen of Shakespeare and Byron." These dialogues of Solovyof are conversations between a simple-minded general, a politician, full of modern theories, a prince who is a "moralist and teacher," a lady who acts as a chorus and Mr. Z., who has the truth within him. After torrents of talk, of aspects, sociological, national, religious and the rest, Mr. Z. becomes very direct with the Prince.

MR. Z.—I mean that, so long as you do not show me the good quality of the master in his own deeds, but only in his verbal instructions to his workmen, I remain of my

opinion that this far-away master of yours, demanding good of others, but doing nothing good himself, imposing obligations, but showing no love, never appearing for you to see, but living somewhere away in incognito—that he is none other than the *God of this world*. . . .

GENERAL.—What an accursed incognito!

LADY.—Ah, do not say so! How terrible! The Power of the Cross defend us! (*She crosses herself*.)

MR. Z.—I have no doubt, Prince, that you, through an honest mistake, accept a clever imposter as the true God. The *cleverness* of the imposter is, for you, a great extenuating circumstance. . . .

Previously Mr. Z. had stated his own view:

. . . . We already know up to now of one victory gained by the good element of life—in the personal resurrection of One, and we look for future victories in the collective resurrection of all. . . . If there is no belief in the accomplished resurrection of One, and no hope of a future resurrection of all, you can only talk in word about any sort of Kingdom of God, but there stands out only a kingdom of death.

PRINCE.—How is that?

MR. Z.—Well, you not only admit (as everyone does) the *fact of death*, i.e. the fact that people in general have died, do die, and still will die—but you further exalt this into an absolute law, to which there is no single exception, and you hold that this is the world in which death is for ever an absolute law. Then how can you call this world anything except a kingdom of death? . . . .

In the first dialogue the general tells a long anecdote relating to the Bashi-Bazouks which possesses all the grim strength of the finest traditions of Russian story-telling. The work closes with the reading of a story of Antichrist full of ingenuity and power. Although it is not possible to deal adequately with the scope of this book, we think we have given sufficient indication of its stimulating qualities. We shall look forward to seeing further translations of Solovyof's works when Mr. Stephen Graham can afford us the time from his wanderings to edit them.

*The Admirable Painter.* By A. J. ANDERSON. (Stanley Paul.) 10s. 6d.

After *The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi* and *The Romance of Sandro Botticelli*, it was inevitable that Mr. Anderson should turn his attention to Leonardo da Vinci. We have had recent occasion to call attention to the fact that the Renaissance is getting rather worn as a happy hunting ground for writers of "lives." This fact seems to have already occurred to Mr. Anderson, so he set to work on a book which will get over the objections of jaded readers of "lives" by inducing them to read about great painters as though their lives were fiction. We can imagine Mr. Anderson thinking, "What scope it gives me! I can indulge in little bits of psychology like:—

'Now the wiles of Satan are various: to one he proffers a pretty face, with carmine cheeks and pouting lips; to another he whispers of a hair-shirt; to the sensualist he suggests sensuality; to the rigorist he suggests uncalled-for mortifi-

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cations until the poor wretch becomes as puffed up and empty as a bladder,' etc.

"That, at any rate, will please everybody who has never seen a hair-shirt. I can explain the rudiments of art to those who have only heard of art. I can write pages about the amours of Il Moro, and to satisfy the consciences of those who think they ought to be shocked I will head the chapter:—

'If the loves and intrigues of Lodovico Il Moro should appear to be treated at too great a length, have patience! It is impossible to understand Leonardo's life and artistic development without this elaboration.'

"I can quarrel with Mr. Berenson. Finally, I can add a number of 'Notes' in the manner of the great Sir Walter."

If Mr. Anderson is inclined to imagine that we are overstepping the bounds of politeness by these conjectured motives, we must remind him that we have caught the habit from himself. We are not disposed to agree that it is a very good habit, and when it comes to inventing motives about great painters we think it is open to many objections. The chief objection is that, although you may instruct many people about art in a popular way, you do not avoid the danger of making your subject cheap. You encourage those who are already glib enough about the externals of art to continue in their bad ways. We have, of course, no objection to historical novels as such. But a book like this, which combines the dullness incident to many historical novels and the more uninteresting side of art criticism, does not recommend itself to those who desire great subjects to be treated without triviality.

*The Oakleyites.*—By E. F. BENSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 6s.

What Mr. Benson's native talent and his experience have not told him about the art of writing sentimental novels is not worth knowing. He is aware that "pow-wow about three sisters" (we quote from one of his own characters) is useful in suspending the reader's attention from the main theme just as the dull patches in a pantomime have a similar task in artfully setting us hungering for the reappearance of the inordinately funny people. If you are inclined to think the "pow-wow" passages in this book are excessive, we assure you that Mr. Benson knows better. He knows, too, that the interests of the main characters must have full fling about three-quarters of the way through and that the climax must not arrive too late or it would interfere with the serenity of the closing pages—that serenity he contrives so well and with

which he provides us with a completely rounded-off article so dear to the novel reader's heart. Mr. Benson must not suppose that we are being superior about his talents. If we speak of clockworks it is because clockworks are the reviewer's business and it is useless to say that, as a rule, his books are well made without enquiring into the methods revealed in their making. His characters are ordinary human beings, and their emotions are made interesting because Mr. Benson is singularly able in conveying the fact that lives need not be complex in order to present qualities of dignity and pathos. He has given better examples of his method of writing sentimental novels than in his latest book. The "pow-wow" passages are good, the climax is ingeniously contrived, and the closing serenity is as finished as usual, but Mr. Benson has indulged in purple passages which the practised novel-reader will be inclined to skip and the pathos of the death scene at the end is strained beyond all semblances of reality. We have no particular objection to Mr. Benson's fondness for killing his sympathetic characters by consumption, but they need not die with phrases such as "For thy greater glory" on their lips. Otherwise the book is easy, well-mannered and agreeable, and will be welcomed by that vast army of novel-readers who have a profound objection to surprises.

Mr. Erskine MacDonald announces for September a collection of elegies which have appeared in the Press in memory of those who have fallen in the War. The title of the book will be *The Crown of Amaranth*.

Dr. George Haven Putnam is continuing his reminiscences, the first volume of which, *Memories of my Youth*, appeared last year. The new volume will also be a continuation of the history of the House of Putnam from the 1872, to which date the record was carried by the author in his memoir of his father and founder of the firm, George Haven Putnam. Many personal recollections will be included of well-known authors on both sides of the Atlantic. Other chapters relate to Dr. Putnam's manifold activities outside the book world, including his stanch support of the Allies' cause in the present war.

The English Association, which promotes the teaching and study of English in schools, has compiled an anthology of contemporary poetry. It is entitled "Poems of To-day," and it consists entirely of copyright poems, about a hundred and fifty in all. The contents range from Meredith and Stevenson to the authors of volumes published this year, including some of Rupert Brooke's sonnets on the war.

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## "CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

What Great Britain is suffering from acutely and dangerously at the present time is the *absence of discipline*. Undisciplined minds and undisciplined bodies—notably the minds and bodies of some millions of young men who have not yet been called up to their duties—we have to set the drill-sergeant to work very severely on these before we can reach security.—*Saturday Review*.

There are certainly subjects upon which outside observers have no real right to take themselves very seriously.—*Saturday Review*.

Then we are made to remember the days when England was at peace indeed, but when, "sick with dismal fatigue," London discovered, through Peter Pan, that it still possessed the immortal secret of childhood.—*Saturday Review*.

Nothing could be more quiet or more gentle than the way in which the United States Government is waiting for an explanation of an act which, previous to its being committed, had been already described as "unfriendly."—*Saturday Review*.

The perusal of this ingenious work leads me on to another consideration. It is merely arbitrary to assume that an anthology means a collection of the *best* works of the period selected. An anthology is representative; it, therefore, should also include the *worst*.—*Nation*.

Where there is no vision the people perish.—James Douglas in the *Star*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PATRIOTIC PRESS.

To the Editor of the *Academy*.

Sir,—The *Times* frequently announces that: "Arrangements have been made whereby the *New York American* has the sole rights of reproducing the *Times* war cables and other war news in the United States of America, excepting in the Chicago area."

It seems a pity that Mr. Hearst's Anglophobe newspaper has not also the sole rights of reproducing the articles which appear in the *Times*, *Daily Mail*, and *Evening News* calculated to give encouragement to our enemies and to arouse contempt for us among our Allies, as these articles might not be republished then in other American journals and create an impression among Americans that we are a nation of slackers, shirkers, and cowards. If the writers of these articles are fellow-citizens of Mr. Norman "Angell," a former manager of one of Lord Harmswürt's "noospoipers," the English people would not be sorry to hear that they had followed Mr. Angell's example and returned to their own country. Their

articles and the articles by anonymous "neutrals" may make very pleasant reading to "*the many German family connections*" Lord Harmswürt has boasted of, but there is no demand for them among the unimported inhabitants of this country.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

122, Mill Lane, Hampstead, N.W.

August 30th.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

- The Poems of Mu 'Tamid*. Rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. (Murray.) 1s. net.  
*A Ballad of the War*. By Lord Latymer. (Humphreys.) 1s.  
*By Yser's Banks*. By R. Fanshawe. Blackwell: Oxford.) 1s. net.  
*Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia*. By Walter W. Seaton, M.A., D.Lit. (Longman's.) 6s. net.  
*Attila and the Huns*. By Edward Hutton. (Constable.) 6s. net.  
*The Field of Honour*. By H. Fielding Hall. (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

- A Risky Game*. By Harold Bindloss. (Ward Lock.) 6s.  
*Ten Degrees Backward*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hodder.) 6s.  
*Greater than the Greatest*. By Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.  
*The Oakleyites*. By E. F. Benson. (Hodder.) 6s.  
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